



A New-Song on the

HIRING OF THE SERVANTS

You young men & maidens draw near for awhile,
I will sing you a song that will cause you to smile
The time for the hiring is coming you see,
Cheer up lads & lasses we'll have a good spree,

So come to the hiring & make no delay
Servants and hags stand for wages like heroes so gay,
You brisk lads and lasses when you go down,
Do not let the farmers your wages cut down,

For the farmer and wife snug in bed they nan stay
And sit to their breakfast of eggs and fine tea
At four in the morning to woe we must go
To reap mow and harrow and to follow the plow,

You must attend the horses I vow its no lie,
Do all sorts of work in cold wet & dry
When the days work is over after supper at night,
We must clean out the car house and do ell things right

The farmer & his wife as you may understand,
In their parlour can feed on the fat of the land,
In the kitch n the servant gets porridge red hot
For to keep them a running to the —— in a trot

Its not like days in good olden times
When the servant and master together did dine
But now that the farmer has riches to mock
He sends now to the Laxon his butter and stock

But hear how I long for my time to be over
Hard work and bad feeding and no half enough
Would any one think it would make our head reel,
And her cold frosty forehead would surely make us see

The poor servant girl without any doubt,
I is better for th m to be slaves in the south,
They must scour milk & churn and waise I do declare,
When the days work is over must polish the shoes

You farmers take warning I hear people say,
The servants of Ir-land are all going away.
They are going to Ame ica as you may understand
You must give them all wages or give up your land,

Long life to the farmers whoe ever th be
That kind to the servants in eve y degree
I wont curse the landlord's the truth I'll tell you,
But hop that the devil wil soon get the crew.